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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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SPORTS

CAPITAL SPORT AT BOYS FIELD

The Chinese field meet held at the Boys' Field on Saturday afternoon was a great success in every respect. The crowd out to see the sports was a very large one. The different events provided some capital sport and two Hawaiian records were broken during the afternoon, Dick Sullivan making a new mark for the mile walk of 8:35, and H. M. Ayres lowering the figures for the half mile walk to 5:1-4.

Summary:

100 Yard Dash—Jay Hoy, Sing Chong Sing Hung. Time, 11 sec.

12-Pound Shot Put—Ah Sol, John Lo. Distance, 35 ft. 3 in.

Pole Vault—F. L. Akana, Ah Tin, Heikihini, 8 feet, 4 inches.

440 Yard Run—Jay Hoy, and Sing Chong, dead heat; Leo Yee. Time, 58 1-5.

The dead-headers tossed for the medal and Sing Chong won.

Three Mile Walk—Sam Hop, G. H. Pang, Ah Chien. Time, 31.40.

Running High Jump—Jay Hoy, F. L. Akana. Height, 4 feet, 11 inches.

One Mile Walk (free for all)—Dick Sullivan, H. M. Ayres, E. M. Cheatham, E. Bilson, L. Rosa, Dal Fahey. Time, 8:36, constituting new Hawaiian record.

Two-Mile Run—Wah Kai, Leo Yee. Time, 13:05 3-5.

120 Yard Hurdles—F. L. Akana, Ah Chien. Time, 16 4-5.

880 Yard Run—Sam Hop, Yee Hoy. Time, 2:36.

880 Yard Walk (amateurs)—W. Kwai Fong, Yee. Time, 5 min.

880 Yard Walk (against Hawaiian record of 4:28)—H. M. Ayres won. Time, 4:00 1-5.

The officials of the meet were as follows:

Referee—Charles F. Chillingworth.

Clerk of Course—A. K. Vierra.

Scorer—W. Tin Chong.

Timekeepers—Ed. Fernandez, E. B. Blanchard, Dr. Hand.

Track Judges—E. W. Quinn, E. W. Coffin, C. H. Elder.

Field Judges—Jack Densham, A. N. Oiler.

Announcer—John Anderson.

Starter—Will Prestidge.

The prizes, which consisted of medals and cups, were presented by Mrs. K. F. L. Mrs. Tong Kau, Miss Mary Marino and Miss Kong.

RESULTS OF KAKA'AKO GAMES

The Atkinson Baseball League games played yesterday afternoon on the Kaka'ako diamond resulted in the Iroquois nine defeating the Ianiwals by the score of 15 to 9 and the Marines taking the Ala Moana into camp by the score of 7 to 5.

Scores by innings and summaries:

Ianiwals:

Runs.....2 0 0 1 1 2 0 3—9

B. H.....1 0 0 1 2 2 0 3—9

Iroquois:

Runs.....0 0 0 2 8 2 3 0—15

B. H.....0 0 0 2 8 1 3 1—15

Two base hits, N. Jackson, Silva, Townsend, Nascimento, Walker, Rosa, Thomas; three-base hits Dole, Ross; home run, Nascimento; bases on balls, off Dreier 4, Dole 2; struck out, by Dreier 4, Dole 5; wild pitches, Dreier 1, Dole; passed balls, Akana 1, Leandre 1, Nascimento 6; left on bases, Ianiwals 8, Iroquois 8. Time of game 1 hour 48 minutes; umpire, Ed Fernandez; scorer, Keating.

U. S. M. C.:

Runs.....2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—7

B. H.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Ala Moana:

Runs.....0 0 0 2 1 0 0 2—5

B. H.....0 1 0 3 0 1 0 2—7

Two base hit, Myers; home run, Makani; bases on balls, off Knight 2, Pedro 5; struck out, by Knight 7, Pedro 10; passed balls, Anderson 1, Kaloa 2; left on bases, U. S. M. C. 5, Ala Moana 4; double play, Hasak to Winter. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes; umpire, Ed Fernandez; scorer, N. Jackson.

MARINE CHALLENGE

Camp Verry, 24th Jan. 1909.

Sporting Editor Hawaiian Star:—I want you to issue a challenge to the winner of the Sullivan-Peterson bout in your paper on behalf of Harry Nelson. I am managing Nelson, he fights at 160 pounds ringside weight. On falling to that any one of his weight or a little over say from 5 to 8 pounds in Honolulu. I may state that Nelson is a new man out here, having been in the island a little over a week. He has got an excellent record in the States and will certainly make good here. I would suggest a date say February 23 or 24th but that can be arranged o. k. if I can make the match.

HENRY D. RICHARDS.

J. L. SULLIVAN COMING HERE

NEW YORK, January 14.—John L. Sullivan starts Sunday night next on a trip around the world.

Sullivan will leave Boston Sunday evening, going straight to Seattle. He will begin there a tour of the Pacific Slope and that finished will turn his face westward. He will visit the Hawaiian Islands and thence set forth toward New Zealand and Australia. Then, by easy stages he will follow the highways to the big cities of the Far East and pass on to Europe.

Sullivan's friends in Boston have been making his appearances there this past week with his old antagonist, Jake Kilrain, a series of receptions.

SPORTING DATES

January 27—Hawaii Yacht Club annual meeting and banquet.

January 30.—Boxing, Frankie Smith vs. Reilly.

January 30—Opening game of Reach baseball season.

February 1—Bowling tournament starts.

February 2—Diamond Head A. C. smoker, Hei'ani boathouse.

February 27—Y. M. C. A. track meet.

February 13—Boxing, Sullivan vs. Peterson.

SPORTDRIFT

Mrs. S. C. Allen has sent an order to a coast firm for a fine power yacht.

Eddie Fernandez has been appointed umpire of the Atkinson Baseball League.

CURE THAT COLD WHILE YOU CAN

Better spend the small amount a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy would cost you right now than to run the risk of a cold developing into pneumonia, which may mean a big doctor's bill. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

MORE QUAKES; HORRORS MESSINA

(Continued from Page One.)

of an Italian warship played on a single spot, and to it the boatmen took me. It was where the troops had organized some sort of headquarters, and a little band of soldiers were sitting around a campfire. They talked softly, as men do in the presence of death, and in the brilliant lights from the ship it seemed that this was the only place alive in what had been a town of 100,000 inhabitants. This was my second impression.

"I walked the length of the Corso, and then I realized the full horror of what had befallen Messina. The largest city in Sicily had been smashed as a glass dish would be smashed if it were thrown upon a stone floor. That any of the inhabitants survived seems a miracle. That the most appalling estimates of the loss of life have not been exaggerations appears evident. To go into details is useless. It is ruin everywhere. The only thing I found intact was Montorsoli's beautiful fountain of Neptune (not the original of 1557, but a copy).

"No real comparison between Messina and San Francisco is possible. I was in San Francisco five days after the earthquake, and already wooden structures were being put up, work had begun on the tramway lines and the main streets were crowded with cheerful, hopeful people. The residential portion of the city had been spared, and just across the bay was Oakland, to serve as a temporary place of business. The case of Messina is altogether different. Soon there will be nobody left but troops. A small settlement may be established, but Messina has disappeared."

HELD IN RUINS SEVEN DAYS.

A woman was rescued at Reggio. Beside her was the corpse of a child five months old. She had tried to protect the infant with her body, but the baby had been dead seven days, during all of which the mother lay unable to move beneath the wreckage. The woman will probably recover. An exacting similar occurrence was reported during the great earthquake of the 18th century.

Another dispatch tells of the rescue of two survivors of Messina. One was a woman so exhausted that she will probably die. The other was a two-year-old baby, so bright and lively that it seemed to have come from the comfortable warmth of a cradle.

"I have just come from the city," telegraphs another correspondent from Messina. "The horror is greater than any one who has not seen it can imagine. To walk along the quays and avenues, in the squares and gardens, is to walk among massive ruins and through one great charnel house of large palaces, public buildings, the cathedral and churches. There is nothing but rubbish heaps, piles of dust, bricks and splinters three stories high, from which one could pick up here a silver tray, there a lady's lace scarf, again a box of men's collars, books, diaries, photographs, picture postcards or statues and curios.

ONLY THE WALLS LEFT.

"Many of the walls stand as mere shells, and inside are mountains of debris. From some windows still hang curtains. Here the floor has collapsed with the bed. There the pictures are still on the wall and all the rest is splinters and dust.

"But all that is mere material destruction. The real horror is indescribably worse. The mere physical fact of the odor that enters the nostrils on landing is terrible. Then the processions of troopers bearing shapeless bundles on stretchers—endless processions. From some of these burdens a charred hand or foot emerges. In others one still discerns under the cloths the profile of a face or the outline of a form. Stretcher after stretcher goes by.

"A few steps further on one finds bodies laid at street corners and left unwatched. Then more of such open-air charnel houses at every turn. Here are dozens of corpses in a row; there 50; further on perhaps a hundred, and close by are the survivors—hundreds around a fire.

CAMPS ARE EVERYWHERE.

"Camps are rigged up everywhere, and scores of children are playing a few steps from those terrible wrapped-up bundles, and wooden huts have been put up in avenues and squares for the survivors. Some are in disabled cabs, some under mere stretchers of rags.

"I went up a number of alleys, streets and arcades where the way was passable. Others were blocked up stories high, with debris all around. The arcades, from the Conservatorio Emanuel to the Via Garibaldi, are bare and black with smoke. The municipal palace is still burning furiously inside. The British Consulate is outwardly little damaged, but inside it is completely wrecked. Over it flies the flag untouched.

"Many arches are still intact, but the shops are a mass of wreckage—jewelry shops, art studios, banks and milliners' shops are now full of rubbish. Nearby the Trinocria Hotel is razed, with English and German visitors beneath the ruins.

"The large Via San Martino is a de-

sert. The frontage of the house is little damaged; inside there is nothing but a mass of rubbish. Across the road lie in a row a dozen corpses, and close by survivors and troopers are camped round great wood fires.

CHILDREN CROWD TENTS.

"At the other end of the town are larger camps. The Piazza della Portafinassa is crowded with tents. Mothers nurse their babies by gypsy fires on which rations cook while the children play about unheeding. All are clad in strange and many-colored odd garments. Rich and poor are mingled and one cannot tell who in the crowd may be rich Sicilian noble and who a beggar. All are alike poor now. Yet there are many of them who are extraordinarily uncomplaining. They seem resigned. They may be stricken dumb and dazed.

"Across the Corso by the sea-board the colony under the tents is more loudly tragic. An old woman wailed lay shrieking incessantly. I passed her tent six times, and she was still shrieking, with her husband prostrate by her side. Along the road wooden huts harbor families in extraordinary rags—some brilliant, some filthy. In a railed-off park bread is being given out as quickly as possible by troopers, and a heartrending hungry mob crushes against the bars shouting, whining and moaning for bread like wild animals at feeding time."

NEW YORK, January 13.—The first witnesses of the destruction of Messina by the earthquake reached New York today.

One was Giuseppe Cutroneo, who told of his almost miraculous escape from death, his search for his family amid the ruins, his futile efforts to unearth their bodies, the slaughter of ghoulies by soldiers and his final flight to this country.

The other spectator of these scenes was a peasant girl, Marietta Denigro, who became too hysterical to say more than these few words:

"My father and mother were buried beneath the burning ruins. I am coming here to begin life anew. I cannot think of Messina, or I will go crazy."

Among the throng which packed the steamer to overflowing were a half hundred peasants who embarked before the earthquake and sailed for America without learning the fate of their families.

TOO STUNNED TO WEEP.

Cutroneo's father and brother, who live in Brooklyn, wept as they embraced him on the pier. Cutroneo did not weep. He seemed too stunned to snow any such emotion.

Partly in English, which he spoke

brokenly, and partly through interpreters, Cutroneo told of his escape from death. He said:

"I am in the cattle business in Messina and to this fact I owe my life. The morning of December 28th I got up at 4:15 o'clock to take a trip into the country. All was quiet as I left my home, 188 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, walked to the station and boarded the last car of a train for Misazlo.

"Of a sudden the car shot up in the air, falling with a crash on one side. A deafening roar filled my ears. The air became suffocating. My body seemed to grow numb all at once. I don't know how long I lay in a sort of stupor before I realized that there was a hole over me, through which I climbed out.

STUPEFIED BY SPECTACLE.

"The spectacle again stupefied me. I thought the world had come to an end and that I was in purgatory. I could not at first recognize what I saw as Messina.

"Still the earth trembled, quakes coming intermittently, each one toppling over walls that had been cracked or left standing by the first shock. I looked back at the station. It had collapsed. The train shed had fallen on the forward part of the train and crushed it almost flat.

"As soon as I realized that I was still alive I thought of any wife and three little children. I rushed back into Messina, although now fires had started in all directions. Here would tower the flame of a broken gas main, roaring and leaping like a gigantic torch. There the wood skeleton of a house blazed like a hundred bonfires in one. The air was full of smoke and dust. It was like a fog that I groped through.

"Yet I could see near the shore a great rift where the earth had been torn apart. Into it many of the houses had fallen, catching fire as they fell, so that the smoke that rose made the ditch look like an elongated volcano.

"I looked seaward and was transfixed by the most terrifying sight of all. A wave was advancing toward the city that grew as it approached until it seemed as high as the lighthouse. It tumbled the ships about like toys, turning them turtle, after tossing them on their beam ends. It came with tremendous velocity, but to me it seemed an age before it swept over the lighthouse and engulfed the city, tearing away the piers like paper and swallowing the shore front. Far inland it swept, extinguishing many of the fires.

"The people running about in the

streets acted like lunatics. Some were clambering over the ruins. In their night clothes, looking for father, mother, brother or sister. Through cracks the people that still lived cried to those they feared were dead. Other survivors whom I met had wound around them bits of carpet or bedclothes, while others had forgotten all about apparel.

"I found only a heap of sticks, twisted iron and wood splinters where I used to live. My home was in a five-story house on the first floor. Without thinking how impossible was the task, I began to dig in the ruins. Down below I could hear moans, and they made me work like a mad man.

"I would sometimes think I heard my wife's cry, and I would yell down into some crevice, 'Florida, Florida, here is your Giuseppe!' and then I would call to my children—to Diego, my six-year-old little boy; to Tony, who was four, and Natalie, the baby.

"I was still digging when some Russian soldiers came and asked me if I did not want something to eat. Until then I did not know I was hungry, although I had gone twenty-four hours without food. They told me I would go crazy if I stayed around the ruins of my home any longer. There were eighty people asleep in that house where I lived, and only one or two besides myself escaped.

SOLDIERS SHOOT GHOULS.

"For two days and nights I wandered about Messina until I thought the sights of crime and death would drive me crazy. Ghoulies began to prey upon the dead, digging up corpses to rob them. When the soldiers caught these fiends at work they would riddle them with bullets. When I got hungry I went to the Russian sailors and they fed me. But for the Russians many of us would have died.

"The evening of December 28th about 200 of the survivors, including myself, went aboard the Regina Marguerita, which the Government had made use of as a transport. We were carried to Palermo. Some of us were so nearly naked that we hid in the hold of the ship during the voyage. Men wore women's clothes and many women were dressed as men. One prominent politician of Messina who had been driven half insane by seeing his father burned alive walked around clad in a shawl. Many were so sick that we feared they would die. I myself became so weak that on reaching Palermo I went to the hospital. On my way I met a well dressed man, who, on learning that I wanted to come to America, gave me money for my passage. Another man bought me

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